

Untitled [Songfic]

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Category: Gundam Wing/AC

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-23 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-23 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:04:59

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 721

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: HYxRP Songfic. A few years after the series ends...

Untitled [Songfic]

The Song is the 'Boat Song Lyrics' from Lunar: Silver Star Story Complete. It is a bit OOC and may or may not be AU. I haven't decided yet. :)

> *****

> Wishing on a dream that seems far away
 Hoping it will come today.

>
 Relena Peacecraft remained dry-eyed as the coffin was slowly lowered into the ground. She couldn't become emotional here, in front of all the reporters and ambassadors. She knew later that the memories would hit her and sink in, and in the privacy of her own home she could grieve, but her see would pretend to be unaffected.

> She sighed. Oh, Heero. If only you were here.

>
 Into the starlit night,

> Foolish dreamers turn their gaze,
 Waiting on a shooting star.

>
 Heero Yuy had heard about the death of Zechs Merquise. It was all over the news.

> Heero had been walking without any clear purpose. He'd done little else after the war had ended. He'd never quite been able to settle in or gotten used to having so many people around. He hadn't been able to hold a a job for very long, and soon he wouldn't have an apartment, either.
 Why bother?

> He paused and absent-mindedly stared at his reflection in a window as he walked down the street of Tokyo. Maybe he should go see Relena. She, at least, might be happy to see him.
 _No, she probably wouldn't even remember me. _

>
 But, what if that star is not to come?

> Will their dreams fade to nothing?
 When the horizons darken most,

> We all need to believe there is hope.

> Relena hesitantly stepped out on to her balcony, then walked to the railing. She stopped and looked up into the stars.
 She frowned as she thought of Zechs. Her brother, who she'd hardly known. Most of what she had known _had_ come secondhand, from Noin or Lady Une. She had wanted to get to know him, he was her brother, after all, but her work had interfered and there simply hadn't been time. Now there never would be.

> She'd barely known Heero. She probably never would, either, if for different reasons, she told herself gloomily.
 Stop feeling sorry for yourself, Relena, she chided herself. _Think of poor Noin. She's probably have a much harder time than you.

>

> Is an angel watching closely over me?
 Can there be a guiding light I've yet to see?

> I know my heart guides me, but,
 There's a hole within my soul.

>
 His life, Heero decided bleakly, no longer any purpose. His initial and, as far he knew, only, purpose had been to be a weapon of the colonies. Once that purpose had been served his life had, for all intents and purposes, ended. He no longer even tried.

> He was not normal. He knew that. Then why did he try so hard? Why did he even try to stay amongst people who he would never understand?
 _A pathetic longing for that which could never be, _a voice in his head whispered spitefully_, Why bother at all? Why not simply end it?_

> Heero angrily stood up and walked away in reply.

> What will fill this emptiness inside of me?
 Am I to be satisfied without knowing?

>
 Relena walked down a crowded street. She had come here to Tokyo get away from it all. Memories, and people, and her own morbid thoughts.

> A moment later she was startled to see a familiar faces among crowds filled with strangers.
 "Heero?!"

>
 I wish, then, for a chance to see.

> Now all I need,

> Heero turned to face her when he heard his name.
 "Relena? What are you doing here?"

> Relena crossed the distance between herself and Heero.
 "Heero," she said happily, "How are you? Where have you been staying?"

> "I've been ... around." He quickly changed the subject. "How have you been?"

> Is for my star to come....

> "Heero," she paused, "You could come stay with me if you don't have any other place to go."
 Relena, I couldn't do that. I couldn't impose on you like that. And I'm sure someone would object."

> But ... maybe.

> "Don't worry about it, Heero. I'll take care of you."
 "Well ... only for a few days."

> "Of course, Heero."

End
file.